STORMWATCH: TEAM ACHILLES #11

"WEDDINGS AND FUNERALS"

by

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StormWatch: Team Achilles
“Weddings and Funerals”
Written by Micah Ian Wright
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PAGE 1

PANEL ONE

1/2 page high, full wide. Angle on Ben Santini from the waist up. He wears an Armani suit, white shirt, black tie. He looks almost like he could be at a funeral. His face is very, very grave as he looks straight at camera. He stands at the head of a long wooden table in the Stormwatch briefing room.

SANTINI
Gentlemen, we’re gathered here today to say our farewells to a brave soldier. A man who saved my life on several occasions and whose life I had the pleasure of saving in return.

SANTINI
I think it’s safe to say that many of us might not be alive if not for the professional soldiering that Luis Cisco was so well known for.

SANTINI
Which is why it’s sad that he has been taken prematurely from our midst... Cut down in his prime... Removed from the field of battle...

PANEL TWO

1/4 page high, full wide. Reverse angle, Over Santini’s shoulder on the rest of the room. Barak and Coleman on the left side of the table, Jaeger & Jukko on the right. Everyone is dressed in Formal Wear and holding glasses of champagne.

At the far end of the table is Luis Cisco, alive and well and slightly irked, his arm around a pretty Eastern European woman with sharp features and long, blonde, straight hair.

CISCO
Jesus, boss, You make it sound like I’m dead! We’re only getting married!

PANEL THREE

1/4 page high, half wide. On Jukko and Jaeger standing near Marta & Cisco.

Jaeger wears Euro-freak sunglasses (the Bono-esque kind of thing no American would ever be caught dead in) pulled down on his nose and a thin-lapeled suit right out of GQ magazine.

Jukko looks sharp in a cream colored 1930's-ish European-cut suit: wide lapels, pinstripes. Mobster suit. A fedora to hide his scarred head.

JAEGER
Married. You might as well be dead!

JUKKO
Hear, hear! I second that notion! Women should live their lives free of horrible men! Run away, Marta! Run from him while you still can!

MARTA
Thank you, Jukko! A true gentleman!

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PANEL ONE

Wide. Tefibi and Barak standing near Cisco & Marta.

COLEMAN
I think Jukko's got something there. Men and Women just don't mix well. In my case, Marriage wasn't a word... it was a sentence.

BARAK
A life sentence.

COLEMAN
More like a Death Sentence!

PANEL TWO

Everyone raises their glass in a toast.

SANTINI
Enough. Seriously, to Luis and Marta.

EVERYONE
Luis and Marta.

PANEL THREE

Everyone's beepers goes off simultaneously. Whilce has designed a cool all-in-one beeper, palm-pilot, communicator, dog-tag device back in issue #1 & 2... see if you can find a picture of that.

Everyone stands there awkwardly, one hand full of champagne, the other groping through their clothing for their devices (except for Marta who is just clueless).

SOUND E/FX
(4 beeps over each character in the room)
Beep Beep. Beep Beep.

NO DIALOG

PANEL FOUR

Close-up on Santini looking at his device. He's pissed.

SANTINI
Son of a bitch.

PAGE 3 **3**

PANEL ONE

Close on the device’s digital readout.

PDA READOUT
Immediate recall alert: report to Stormwatch HQ, ASAP.

PANEL TWO

Barak shrugs to Cisco and Marta.

BARAK
Guess it’s a good thing we haven’t left for the church yet.

MARTA
Yeah, you tell that to my Parents! They flew in from Romania for this.

PANEL THREE

Santini tucks his device back into his shirt on its chain.

SANTINI
Cisco, you and Marta go on to the church ahead of us. We’ll see what this is about and follow on later.

CISCO
Dunno, Boss, I’d feel funny about running out on you guys...

PANEL FOUR

Pinckney and Golovin burst in the door. He’s buttoning up his shirt, lipstick on his collar, hair messed up. Tie askew. Golovin’s hair is mussed up, one dress strap off of her shoulder. See, they been sexin’ it up.

PINCKNEY
What’s the page about? What’s going on? Are we leaving for the church already?

PAGE 4 **4**

PANEL ONE

Santini looks at the two snipers with a raised eyebrow and a funny look on his face. He knows what they've been doing.

SANTINI
Don't people generally wait until during the reception before they start getting busy with their dates?

PANEL TWO

Golovin doesn't give a shit if everyone on Earth knows what she was doing. She smiles as she adjusts a bra strap. Pinckney is embarassed, ears red, eyes narrowed, etc. Everyone cracks up behind their hands, quietly chuckling at Pinckney's discomfort.

GOLOVIN
It's not his fault, Colonel. I took forever getting over.

SANTINI
See, that's entirely too much information.

PINCKNEY
That's it, Laugh it up, you bastards. Get it all out of your systems now.

PANEL THREE

Santini. All business. Over his shoulder as he points to the three separate groups.

SANTINI
Okay, back to work, people. Jaeger, Jukko, go prep the field vehicle.

JAEGER
Yes sir.

SANTINI
Coleman, Barak, you load out a full Armory kit.

COLEMAN
We're on it.

SANTINI
And you two... uh... finish getting dressed.

PANEL FOUR

Santini, Cisco and Marta walk down a hallway.

CONTINUED:

CISCO
What do you want me to do?

SANTINI
Go get married. We'll handle whatever this is without you.

MARTA
Actually, Colonel Santini, I don't feel comfortable with the rest of you rushing into danger while Luis and I sit around worrying about you. We'll wait.

SANTINI
Suit yourself. If you're late to your own wedding, though, I'm not taking the heat from your parents.

PAGE 5 **5**

PANEL ONE

Big panel. Santini pushes open the door to the ops center. Cable News Channels fill Tefibi’s multi-screen monitor bank. Tefibi sits at the computer desk.

TEFIBI
Sorry to interrupt the party.

SANTINI
No problem, Tefibi. What’s going on?

TEFIBI
Someone’s robbing the Federal Reserve Bank on Wall Street.

SANTINI
American Bank Robberies are the FBI’s problem. How is this a job for us?

PANEL TWO

Tefibi’s hand points at the monitors. One of them shows a cluster of burning police cars with dead cops and SWAT all over the place on the street. The other shows the front of the NYC Fed Bank. A smoking hole where its front door used to be. A blurry image shows a man in a camouflage uniform with a black ski-mask over his face, crouched behind the the rubble of the bank front door.

TEFIBI
NYPD ran into massive resistance. Super-Powered Beings of some sort.

SANTINI
Stands to reason... that’s the biggest gold vault in the world. No way to move that kind of weight unless you’re really strong.

SANTINI
Still, it’s out of our purview. Who called us?

PANEL THREE

1/4 page tall. Tefibi looks up from his chair at Santini. He’s pissed. (Story Note: Tefibi was tortured by the CDA in issue #10). Behind Tefibi’s head, on one of the monitors is IVANA BAIUL. She wears her hair in an executive bun and wears a black female executive power suit (think: Michelle Pfeiffer).

TEFIBI
Our good friend Ivana Baiul, Chairwoman of the Civil Defense Administration.

CONTINUED:

TEFIBI
Would it be impolite of us to tell her to go fuck herself?

PANEL FOUR

Santini scratches his chin, looking at the monitor.

SANTINI
Yes, it would. Turn up the mike so she’ll hear me loud and clear when I say it.

PAGE 6 **6**

PANEL ONE

Ivana and Santini talk. Put the monitor at a comfortable position for Santini to look into while standing arms crossed over his chest. His body language message is clear: Go Fuck Yourself.

SANTINI
What do you want?

IVANA BAIUL (OVER TV)
Oh, Hello, Ben, it’s good to see you too. I assume you know about the robbery underway at the Fed?

SANTINI
Yeah, there’s nothing else on TV. What’s this have to do with StormWatch?

PANEL TWO

Two-shot with Santini, standing erect, cool as he watches Ivana on the monitor.

IVANA BAIUL (OVER TV)
As a Permanent Member of the United Nations Security Council, The United States officially requests a StormWatch Intervention.

SANTINI
Gosh, Ivana, I’d love to help, but it’s the company picnic today and we’re too busy to wipe your ass. Oh, and Tefibi would like me ask you to go fuck yourself.

IVANA BAIUL (OVER TV)
You can’t refuse an official request for-

PANEL THREE

Santini faces off with the computer monitor. Pointing his finger at the screen, Pissed. Confrontational body language.

SANTINI
I just did. Or maybe you forgot that you kidnapped and tortured Tefibi five weeks ago?

IVANA BAIUL (OVER TV)
That was a misunderstanding-

SANTINI
Shut Up. Your message was loud and clear: StormWatch stay out of the US. Fine. Here comes stage one of your payback. YOU handle this clusterfuck, I’m hanging up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PANEL FOUR

1/4 high, 1/2 page wide. Ivana takes off her glasses, her face crestfallen. Tired, beaten, shoulders slumped.

IVANA BAIUL (OVER TV)
Three separate NYPD Swat and FBI Hostage Rescue Teams have been killed. There 35 Junior High kids inside the Fed on a Field Trip.

SANTINI (O.S.)
Like YOU ever gave a shit about innocent bystanders? Don’t make me laugh.

PANEL FIVE

Small inset panel. Reaction shot on Santini. Stunned, shocked.

IVANA BAIUL (O.S.)
One of them is the President’s daughter.

PAGE 7 **7**

PANEL ONE

Huge Panel. Upshot on the NYC Federal Reserve Bank from the street below (see reference section at the end of the script). The cop cars are smoldering piles of twisted, burnt metal by this point. Dead policemen, NYPD SWAT and FBI Hostage Rescue litter the street. Other police and firemen mill around at a distance, uselessly, talking into hand-held radios, pointing at the burning Fed building and such.

NO DIALOG

PANEL TWO

On Santini and Coleman in full StormWatch regalia. Flames illuminate their faces. Two Stormwatch Hummers with cargo loads in the beds instead of passenger seats are parked in the background.

COLEMAN
You were right. This IS a clusterfuck. We should just turn around and go home.

SANTINI
President's Daughter. That buys us a lot of smooth sailing if we get her out alive.

COLEMAN
And a never ending river of shit if she dies. This has ambush written all over it... how are we to know that Ivana didn't set this up like she set up the attack on the U.N.?

PANEL THREE

On Santini, Grim.

SANTINI
We don't. But there are innocent human beings in there and it's our job to save them from these out of control superfreaks.

COLEMAN
Superfreaks? For five bucks I won't tell anyone you're a closet Rick James fan.

SANTINI
Yeah? And I won't tell anyone you're a closet Michael Jackson fan.

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PANEL ONE

A no-necked CDA agent in a bad coat, sunglasses & cheap tie walks up to Santini and Coleman. Use this creep's picture for his face: http://www-hoover.stanford.edu/bios/images/whalen.jpg Santini, Coleman and Tefibi stand on one side of the panel, the guy on the other. The bank's blasted, twisted open door between them in the background.

AGENT WHALEN
Agent Whalen, Civil Defense Administration. I'm here to assist you.

SANTINI
Good. First item: stay out of our way. Hostage Rescue is the trickiest job on Earth. You fuck with us and those hostages will end up dead.

AGENT WHALEN
Agreed. This is your show.

PANEL TWO

Santini motions the guy over to join him, Tefibi and Coleman. Whalen steps forward. Push in on the shot.

SANTINI
Second item: get rid of the Media. They're showing everything you do on TV... that's probably why your SWAT and FBI HRT squads were greased -- these guys knew everything you were doing before you did it.

AGENT WHALEN
We'll order the media pulled back a half-mile. No Newschoppers overhead, either.

PANEL THREE

Closer on Santini, Tefibi & Whalen.

SANTINI
Good. Third item: we have to find out what's happening inside that place.

TEFIBI
I'll need detailed schematics of the bank's wiring and security systems. I also need a 3-D blueprint of the building.

AGENT WHALEN
Sure, whatever you want. Come with me, I'll have my computer guys hook you up.

CONTINUED:

PANEL FOUR

Whalen and Tefibi walk off panel together. Coleman watches them.

COLEMAN
Cooperative.

SANTINI
Surprisingly so. Let’s hope the rest of this goes as smoothly.

COLEMAN
Can we do this without Cisco? He’s our hardentry specialist.

SANTINI
I was just wondering the same thing. Hate to bother him on his wedding day, though...

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PANEL ONE

Tall and thin panel - 1/2 tall, 1/2 wide. Galena Golovin stands at the 5th floor window of a Wall Street Office building opposite the Federal Reserve, staring down at the corner of the building, clear lines of fire onto two sides of the Fed building.

GOLOVIN
Golovin here, Colonel. I’m in position. I have the North and West street sides of the building covered.

SANTINI (OVER RADIO)
Good. Pinckney?

PANEL TWO

Tall and thin panel - 1/2 tall, 1/2 wide. Pinckney stands at the 17th floor window of a Wall Street Office building behind the Federal Reserve, staring down onto the roof and opposite corner of the building. The people and burning cars below are only tiny specks from this height. Don’t forget the rounded turret... it’s not especially clear in all of the photos, but it’s there.

PINCKNEY
I’ve got the East and South sides and the roof covered as well. This is a pretty steep angle, sir... I can’t guarantee clean shots on the street.

PANEL THREE

1/4 tall, 1/2 page wide. Close-Up on Golovin, facing panel right. She’s smirking.

GOLOVIN
Of course you can’t... you’re not a very good shot.

PANEL FOUR

1/4 tall, 1/2 page wide. C/U on Pinckney, facing panel left (like they’re having a conversation, but they’re not in the same building -- maintain an eyeline). He smiles.

PINCKNEY
Do you see what I have to put up with, sir? I ask you, how is a man to enjoy his work?

SANTINI (OVER RADIO)
Pinckney, your primary mission is to keep an eye on the back side of the building and to take out any flying SPBs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PANEL FIVE

1/4 high, wide. On Santini, talking into a radio headset as he and Coleman stare at the quiet bank in the distance.

SANTINI

I don’t want any of these flying out of here with as much as a single gold bar. Keep an eye on the sky, people. Santini out.

SANTINI

Tefibi? What’s the status on those cameras?

PAGE 10 **10**

PANEL ONE

1/4 page high, widescreen. Tefibi underground in a dank sewer. He has an access panel off of a huge steel pipe. A tangle of wires dangles from the pipe. He’s attaching a series of alligator clips to the wires.

TEFIBI
Just about done, sir. You should be getting pictures any second-

PANEL TWO

Angle on the rear of the Hummer. A series of flat-screen displays show color shots from inside the Fed. See the web reference on the final page for some interior shots of the Fed... that should give you an idea of what it looks like... the lobby is really pretty, but the underground looks like a school cafeteria... concrete floors, ugly colors, flourescent lighting, etc. Santini and Coleman stare at the pictures.

TEFIBI (OVER RADIO)
-now.

SANTINI
We got it. Good job. Get back up here ASAP. Santini out.

PANEL THREE

Angle on Santini and Coleman looking at the pictures.

SANTINI
There’s one of them. Another one.

COLEMAN
Looks like two of ‘em in the lobby behind the counter. Look at that counter. Gotta be four inches of solid marble. Damn good cover. Coming through the front door is going to be tough.

SANTINI
We need that schematic. Where’s Tefibi?

PANEL FOUR

Tefibi joins Coleman & Santini.

TEFIBI
Tefibi I need this. Tefibi I need that. Tefibi get me some coffee. Tefibi come rub my feet. I don’t paid enough for this crap.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANTINI

Ah, you love it. How many cameras do they have down there?

TEFIBI

One Hundred and Forty. But Sixty-Six of them aren’t sending out signal any longer. Guess which ones?

PAGE 11 **11**

PANEL ONE

Big Panel. A floating hologram cut-away schematic of the Federal Reserve bank floats in mid-air. Tefibi's hand points to a section of the bank far below street level... 5 stories below ground is a section the size of a football field. It utterly dwarfs the small building which sits above it.

TEFIBI
All of the cameras below street level are out. This huge section 80 feet below ground is the Gold Vault. It's so heavy it has to rest directly on Manhattan's bedrock. It has the square footage of a football field.

PANEL TWO

Cut Wide to establish the scene. Jaeger, Jukko, Tefibi, Coleman and Santini stand in a loose circle around Tefibi's alien laptop from issue #7. Jaeger is amazed.

JAEGER
That is a lot of gold.

SANTINI
$200 Billion dollars worth. Most of it belongs to foreign countries. It's on deposit here in the United States. You can imagine that the Government's not thrilled about having the bank assaulted this way.

TEFIBI
That's another reason this robbery doesn't make any sense. How the hell do you get away with almost two million pounds of Gold?

JAEGER
Subways?

PANEL THREE

Tefibi waves his hand, pointing to subway tunnels in blue and city services (sewers, water pipes, etc.) in green, all underground, but most of the city services only 20-30 feet underground and the subways only 50 feet or so underground.

TEFIBI
Not a chance. They're only 50 feet underground. You'd still have to dig through 30 feet of solid ground and move 2 million tons of gold down a subway track without anyone noticing you or the Fed's seismographs from sounding an alert.

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PANEL ONE

Santini points to the holographic representation of the building ABOVE ground. Six red dots are highlighted in their locations in the bank. 2 in the lobby, 2 in the hallway and 2 near the elevators down to the gold vault.

SANTINI
Who cares. Our problem is two hundred sixteen employees and 35 teenaged girls being held hostage SOMEWHERE underground.

SANTINI
All of the cameras in the building are working fine and they show six robbers on the first floor leading to the elevator shafts down to the vault, but no hostages.

SANTINI
We can only assume that the Fed workers and the girls are downstairs with an unknown number of assailants.

PANEL TWO

Tefibi’s laptop shows small holographic photos of the six criminals. Four of them are humans with ceramic battle armor strapped to their bodies and armed with AK-47s. 2 are abnormally shaped (i.e. Superhumanly muscled) with no guns. They all wear the same camouflage pattern outfit with black ski mask.

TEFIBI
Guessing by the shape, body armor and weapons, these four are human. These two, however, are definitely enhanced Super Powered Beings.

TEFIBI
Powers unknown, but judging by what they did to the front door and the cops, one of them’s got to have some sort of explosive kinetic energy at his disposal.

SANTINI
In other words, he makes shit blow up. Questions?

PANEL THREE

Jaeger scratches the back of his head.

JAEGER
How are we to do all of this with only three men?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANTINI
We can’t. I’m suiting up myself, I’m bringing in Cisco and a SPB Specialist.

SANTINI
Former StormWatch, she’s been out of action for a while, but her basic skills are good. She said on the phone that she was “Looking forward to it.”

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PANEL ONE

Full page high, 1/3 page wide. Upshot on the HUGE Flint from the old Stormwatch. The woman's like 6'5" or so. Nice body, lots of muscle. Give her a Jennifer Lopez ass... she was always too flat on back for my tastes. Make Sir MixaLot want some of her big buns, hun, get me?

Design a cool new sexy outfit for her. NO FUCKING SPANDEX - use leather and thick-woven cableknit fabrics. The left side of her face, shoulder and her left shoulder are acid-scarred from her battle with the Aliens in WildC.A.T.S./Aliens. Reference the pictures of her in the "StormWatch Final Orbit" Trade Paperback. Some people will claim that Flint isn't scarred because the last time we saw her in Monarchy #0, she wasn't scarred. Ignore these fools -- people don't heal from acid scars like she received. The new official story is that she was wearing covering makeup. Make her scars kinda sexy, if you know what I mean... almost like tribal scar tattoos gouged into one cheek.

Anyway, standing next to Flint is Cisco in his full StormWatch uniform, full combat load vest, covered in grenades, rappeling rope coiled around his belt, secured with carabiners. He should look RUNTY and PUNY next to her. He should also VERY OBVIOUSLY be checking out her sweet, sweet ass.

FLINT
This looks like the place. Where's your commanding officer?

CISCO
Dunno. Maybe around **BACK**.

SANTINI (O.S.)
Eyes Front, Cisco. You're getting married today.

PANEL TWO

Panels 2-5 are smaller panels, evenly sized and running top to bottom to the right of big panel one. Santini shakes hands with Flint. She's taller than he is. He has to look up to make eye contact. Pay close attention to body language between these two... something's going to happen with them in later issues. Right now she should be standoffish... cold, grim, no smiles.

SANTINI
Hi. Ben Santini, Weatherman, StormWatch Team Achilles.

FLINT
Victoria Ngengi, codename FLINT back when I was in StormWatch. YOU will call me Flint.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANTINI
Thanks for agreeing to come down, Flint.

FLINT
I’m actually surprised you called me in.

PANEL THREE

Waist-up shot on Santini and Flint walking side by side. Cisco follows a few feet behind (and between) them, his eyes fixed firmly on Flint’s ass, biting on his fist in lust.

SANTINI
Really? Why’s that?

FLINT
Word on the street is that you’re a group of cape-killers. That you hate all Superhumans and want them dead.

SANTINI
I only hate SPBs who use their powers to terrorize civilians, commit crimes, or to try to rule over humanity. I hate whole big bunches of humans for the same reasons.

PANEL FOUR

Close on Santini and Flint next to one of the Stormwatch Hummers.

SANTINI
Difference is, when humans do those things, they’re somewhat limited in the damage they can do.

SANTINI
I saw an insane SPB turned loose on a civilian population once. It wasn’t pretty.

PANEL FIVE

Santini looks at Flint.

SANTINI
You take this job, I’m going to own your every waking moment. I expect you to follow every order I give you, no matter how stupid or crazy you think it is. You deviate from your orders and you’re out. Still want the job?

FLINT
I wouldn’t take it if you didn’t expect all of that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SANTINI
Good, then let’s get to work.

PAGE 14 **14**

PANEL ONE

Big Panel. The StormWatch Assault Crew stands around in a semicircle. Everyone is locked and loaded, even Jukko who has an MP5K over his shoulder (http://world.guns.ru/smg/smg15-e.htm) and a combat knife strapped to his leg.

Cisco carries the sawn-off M4 Carbine variation of the M-16. (http://world.guns.ru/smg/smg15-e.htm). Jaeger cradles a Steyr ACR (http://www.steyr-aug.com/acr2002.htm).

Coleman fiddles a heavy-looking 5-foot long rail gun, mounted on a hip swivel, this should look really wicked evil. Impress me. Santini carries a regular MP5, not the mini-version. Everyone has some variation of nightvision goggles and a tactical ear/mike handsfree headset radio. Everyone's carrying grenades around their person.

Flint wears a radio and a pair of buglike goggles which resemble Coleman's helmet. Tefibi types on his computer while he talks.

TEFIBI
I'm uploading the layout of the bank into everyone's heads-up display. Once inside, your combat computers will recognize key physical features inside the bank and keep track of where you are. Your HUDs will display green arrows on the floor pointing you to your targets and to the rally point by the elevator shafts.

SANTINI
We follow Flint in. She's our Bullet Sponge. Use her for cover. We fight our way to the elevator shafts where our video surveillance ends. We play it by ear from then on.

SANTINI
Because of the high number of hostages, there might be several dozen robbers in there. Civilian casualties are out of the question. Last-ditch plan, we flood the entire gold depository with an aerosolized Valium gas and hope we don't kill any hostages. Questions?

PANEL TWO

Flint raises her hand. Everyone looks away, whistling, looking at the sky, et cetera, trying to pretend that they didn't hear the question that she's asking. Santini is amused.

FLINT
Why don't we just teleport down to the gold depository?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANTINI
Heh. Who put you up to that question?

FLINT
Uhmmm...

SANTINI
Remind me to brief you later on the extreme limitations of Project Entry, our Teleporter. Okay, people, get ready. We move in five mikes.

PAGE 15 **15**

PANEL ONE

Small panel. View through sniperscope down onto the street. Smoke still pours out of the burning cars.

SANTINI (OVER RADIO)
Sniper team, we're peparing to move out. You have any motion?

PANEL TWO

On Pinckney, looking through his sniper rifle at an extreme down angle.

PINCKNEY
Sky, Roof and back wall are clear, sir.

GALENA (OVER RADIO)
Sir, Golovin here... were the buildings around the bank cleared?

SANTINI (OVER RADIO)
Half an hour ago. Why?

PANEL THREE

On Galena, looking through her rifle.

GOLOVIN
I've got movement in one of the office towers. Oh. It's only a news crew.

SANTINI (OVER RADIO)
Goddammit. It's going to take the cops twenty minutes to find them and get them out of here. We don't have that kind of time to waste. Take 'em out.

GOLOVIN
Affirmative, sir.

PANEL FOUR

An office overlooking the Fed. A CNN TV Cameraman and Reporter stand there filming the street below, the reporter talking into her microphone.

REPORTER
Police and fire crews are preventing the media from getting this close, but we have managed to avoid the police cordon in order to bring you these live pictures of the-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PANEL FIVE

The Camera EXPLODES in the guy’s hand as a .50 Cal sniper round blasts through it, leaving the cameraman untouched. The reporter shrieks in terror.

CAMERAMAN

HOLY FUCK!

PAGE 16 **16**

PANEL ONE

The monitor bank on the back of the truck. The major news channels are on, CBS, FOX NEWS, ABC, NBC. All of these channels show anchormen in a studio. Another monitor with a CNN in the corner is showing only fuzz. Flint and Coleman watch with smirks on their faces.

FLINT
I like Santini's style.

COLEMAN
He likes yours. You know you're the first SPB to go out on field work with us, right?

FLINT
So he **DOES** hate SPBs?

COLEMAN
He says he doesn't. But ask him how he got those metal knees some time and watch his eyes. That'll clear things up for you real quick.

PANEL TWO

Jaeger walks up, his combat mask flipped up.

JAEGER
We're about to deploy the smoke. Better put your masks on.

FLINT
I've been meaning to ask... why do you wear that huge mask?

JAEGER
See how your face is all scarred up?

FLINT
Yeah. I noticed.

JAEGER
Well, I don't want mine to be that way.

PANEL THREE

Jaeger walks away in the background. Flint looks at Coleman as they slip clear, plastic masks over their mouths and noses.

FLINT
Wow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COLEMAN
Yeah, I should have warned you about that. His parents were killed in Kaizen Gamorra's raid on Moscow. I think he blames The Authority.

FLINT
But I was never in The Authority!

COLEMAN
Maybe it's guilt by association. Come to think of it, you'd better steer clear of Pinckney for a while, also. And Tefibi. And Golovin.

PANEL FOUR

Coleman and Flint walk towards the larger group of StormWatchers, Coleman gripping his two-handed rail gun, Flint pulling thick leather gloves over her hands.

FLINT
What about the guy with the scars, Jukko Wassisname?

COLEMAN
That's a coin-toss. He'll either like you or he'll try and kill you.

FLINT
You boys sure know how to make a Lady feel welcome. What about Cisco?

COLEMAN
Oh, he'll be around, all right. Until you give up your nappy dugout, then you'll never hear from him again.

FLINT
Men. Superpowers or not, you're all pigs.

PAGE 17 **17**

Go put on a Rage Against the Machine CD for this next section. This is where we kick things into high gear. From here to the end, it’s all straightforward 6-panel grid with small deviations.

PANEL ONE

The SW Team is lined up at the alleyway entrance. Angle on the Fed building across the street. Santini and Cisco throw smoke grenades into the street. Several are there already, spinning on the ground, spewing smoke everywhere.

NO DIALOG

PANEL TWO

Same shot, but now it’s all obscured from the smoke.

NO DIALOG

PANEL THREE

Flint in the lead, the SW Team moves across the street in the SNAKE formation... one hand on the man in front in front of you’s shoulder, the other hand on your weapon, crouched low to present a smaller target, each man pointing his weapon in the opposite direction of the man in front of him, forming a V of weapons, covering all sides

NO DIALOG

PANEL FOUR

The SW team stacked against the wall, backs flat against either side of the door. Smoke obscures the shot.

SANTINI
Screamer!

PANEL FIVE

Cisco by the front door. He pulls a pin on a tennis-ball sized red device.

CISCO
Fire in the hole!

PANEL SIX

Cisco throws the red device through the darkened doorway.

NO DIALOG

PAGE 18 **18**

PANEL ONE

Side shot on Cisco pulling back away from the door and squeezing his eyes tightly shut as a BRIGHT WHITE LIGHT shines from within, silhouetting him. His hands over his ears, his lips pulled back in pain from the sound of the ultrasonics.

SOUND E/FX
SSSSKKKKRRRREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

PANEL TWO

Angle over Flint's shoulder as she runs in the door. In the background, one of the black-masked men lies on the floor, blood coming out of his ears and mouth, a rifle near his hands. In the midground, another one of the black-masked men raises his hands towards her, palms out and glowing red.

FLINT
Oh shit.

PANEL THREE

Jaeger's POV close to the wall near the door frame. Camera slightly angled into the street, but we can still see the doorway. Flint flies backwards through the doorway, arms and legs stretched out before her as she hurtles outwards into the street, the entire front half of her body in flames.

SOUND E/FX
WHAAAHHHUNT

PANEL FOUR

Flint smashes square into one of the already-burning cop cars, crushing it beneath her mass.

NO DIALOG

PANEL FIVE

Angle on the door as Coleman charges through it.

COLEMAN
Grrrrrraaaaaah!

PANEL SIX

Upangle shot on Coleman, his railgun blazing.

SOUND E/FX
FLIRRRZ. FLIRRRZ. FLIRRRZ. FLIRRRZ. FLIRRRZ.

PAGE 19 **19**

PANEL ONE

Angle on the lobby as Santini, Cisco, Jaeger and Jukko run in, half on one side of the room, half on the other, guns pointing up, down, left right, covering ever inch of the large circular lobby. Cisco kicks the rifle away from the unconscious guy in the mask.

SANTINI
Clear.

JAEGER
Clear.

JUKKO
Clear.

CISCO
Clear. This must be one of the humans. He’s not going anywhere. You can have Barak bleed his brain once he wakes up.

PANEL TWO

Santini motions to the open door behind them.

SANTINI
Coleman! Go Out and check on Flint. If she’s okay, send her back in. Return here, secure the prisoner and watch the front door.

COLEMAN
Yessir!

CISCO
Okay StormWatch, There’s four more in here somewhere. Let’s move out.

PANEL THREE

The four StormWatchers move down the Hallway, two on each side. Walking on bent knees and hunched over. They’re approaching a 4-way intersection in the hallway.

NO DIALOG

PANEL FOUR

Two of the masked gunmen pop up from around the corners of the intersection, their AK-47s blazing.

NO DIALOG

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PANEL FIVE

Widescreen panel. Everyone opens up on the gunmen. One is dead right off. The other falls back, his face riddled with bullet holes, his finger depressing the trigger still, his arm sweeping up as he falls backwards, leaving a string of muzzle flashes indicating the circular path.

In the foreground, Cisco takes a bullet through his cheek, spraying blod everywhere.

CISCO

Gack!

PAGE 20 **20**

PANEL ONE

Foreground, Cisco sits on the floor, his mouth open, drooling blood and spit all over himself. His cheek is almost totally torn off. Jukko squats next to him, examining his face. In the background, Santini doesn't even look back, eyes and gun pointed down the hallways ahead of him.

SANTINI
How is he?

JUKKO
He'll live... it's just skin. You'll be eating baby food for quite a while, though.

CISCO
Guzz ahm nuh gehding murrad tudah.

JUKKO
It's probably for the best. Marry in haste, repent at leisure, I always say.

PANEL TWO

Santini turns and points back the way they came.

SANTINI
Luis. Go back to the lobby and relieve Coleman. Have Doctor Grunier teleport through to the lobby the teleporter to patch you up.

CISCO
Yezzuh.

PANEL THREE

The three StormWatchers continue down the hallway.

NO DIALOG

PANEL FOUR

The limestone wall next to Santini EXPLODES as a HUGE overly muscled freak in a black ski-mask and camouflage BDUs comes smashing through it, knocking Santini off-balance. The SPB is like four or five WWF wrestlers inside one body... think Rob Liefeld style bad anatomy. His head is so large that the ski mask only covers his face up to his nose. Next to the SPB is another masked gunman firing an AK-47.

SPB ROBBER
Blaaurrrgh!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PANEL FIVE

Widescreen panel. Santini is flat on his back, shooting upwards, killing the masked gunman as Jaeger and Jukko open up on the freak with their rifles.

NO DIALOG

PANEL SIX

Small inset panel. The freak’s giant foot is about to stomp on Santini’s head. The shadow covers his face. Santini is firing upwards into the freak’s foot, but it’s not stopping him.

NO DIALOG

PAGE 21 **21**

PANEL ONE

Wide panel. Waist-up shot of the half-burnt Flint streaking in from panel right, leaning forward, her right fist smashing the inhuman freak’s face into a bloody gross pulp. THIS SHOULD BE UTTERLY TERRIFYING. The woman is a human wrecking ball! Flint’s skin isn’t burnt, btw, just her clothes. Her skin is just sooty. Her clothes should be torn to shit, though. See if you can sneak in a little nipple action for the kids.

NO DIALOG

PANEL TWO

Flint helps Santini to his feet. Jukko rubs his head in the background.

SANTINI
Thanks for the save.

FLINT
Just showing off.

SANTINI
Jukko, you okay?

JUKKO
Got a little psychic feedback from the pain of the hit but he died before it got too bad. I’m good to move on.

PANEL THREE

The four StormWatchers move down the hallway, eyes peeled. Flint doesn’t crouch or cringe, however. She just strides in the middle of the men, head held high.

NO DIALOG

PANEL FOUR

At the elevator. No one’s around. Santini speaks into his radio.

SANTINI
Tefibi, we’re at the elevator. Can you operate it from there?

TEFIBI
Yessir. Hold on.

SOUND E/FX
Ding.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PANEL FIVE

The StormWatch crew steps into the elevator. It’s HUGE and Heavily reinforced (it has to be... it carries tons of gold at a time).

JAEGER
Next stop, 700,000 bars of gold.

PANEL SIX

Short, full wide. The elevators doors open underground. Our heroes have AMAZED looks on their faces.

JAEGER
Vas ist?

PAGE 22 **22**

PANEL ONE

Wide. Elevator POV on a room roughly the size of a football field. EMPTY except one little girl.

NO DIALOG

PANEL TWO

Half page wide. Downshot on the 12-year old girl sitting on the floor, looking down. Flint reaches down to her.

SANTINI (O.S.)
That’s her. The President’s Daughter, Cindy.

FLINT
Hello, honey. Are you okay?

PRESIDENT’S DAUGHTER
They said you’d be coming. They made me memorize a message for you.

PANEL THREE

Half page wide. The girl looks up. CREEPY BLANK STARE!

PRESIDENT’S DAUGHTER
"We were the last Generation to speak to you through dialogue. Now the younger generation awakes and prepares its fists."

PANEL FOUR

Santini & Jaeger look at one another. In the panel corner, Jukko holds his hands over his ears like he has an earache.

SANTINI
The HELL does that mean?

JAEGER
Who knows? Where’s all the gold?

PANEL FIVE

Half page wide. Jukko is bent over almost double in pain.

JUKKO
Ehhhhhnnnnn!

SANTINI
Jukko! What’s wrong?

CONTINUED:

PANEL SIX

Wide. Jukko looking right at Camera. His eyes are totally bloodshot and he’s crying blood.

JUKKO
Something just killed Blake Coleman.

THE END, BABY!

BET YOU DIDN’T SEE THAT SHIT COMING!

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